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Our own FREDERIC MACMONNIES has at last completed his statue of General MacClellan. It will be a notable, and not the least artistic addition to the "Men on Horseback," of which Washington boasts.

Space allows me to mention but a few of the most interesting numbers. There is a magnificent work by ANDRÉ-CÉSAR VERMARE, "Vendanges," a bronze group cast by the *cire perdue* process. It is impressive and noble. RENÉ BERTRAND-BOUTÉE has a stone group of two old people, which is full of feeling and finely drawn. It received a second class medal. HECTOR LEMAIRE has a strong group, called "Despair," that has expressiveness and force. A South American, PÉREZ MUJICA, has a group of fighting Indians, fierce in its realism and wonderfully effective. A haut-relief in marble by GEORGES BAREAU, "La Vision du Poète," attracts attention; and EMILE NIVET has the stretched out figure of a sleeping shepherd boy that has fine lines.

Of the busts, both of portraits or ideal heads, many are interesting. Of course, there are a large number of nudes, among which I would single out HENRY LOUIS CORDIER'S "Nymphaea," in rose quartz; those by EMILE LAPORTE and AIMÉ OCTOBRE; and also EMILE PFISTER'S figure, somewhat theatrical, still one of the best drawn.

There is a *vitrine* wherein HENRY LOUIS LEVASSEUR exhibits some delicate and artistic examples of chryselephantine sculpture, a method also followed successfully by DOMINIQUE ALONZO and by LOISEAU ROUSSEAU.

The entire catalogue of this Salon has almost five thousand numbers. Watercolors, black and white, miniatures, the art of the medalist, architectural drawings, gravures and lithography, and *l'art décoratif* are included among the exhibits.

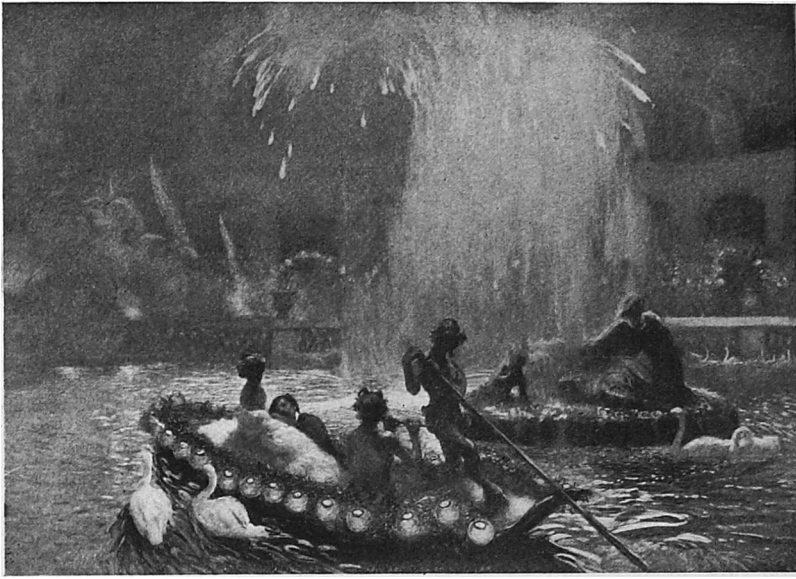
SOCIÉTÉ NATIONALE DES BEAUX ARTS.

The "New" Salon, or Salon des Champs de Mars, as it used to be called, occupies the rear portion of the Grand Palais, separated by a wicket gate from its older rival. It has followed the course which the Society of American Artists ran in regard to the Academy. It caused the Old Salon to be quickened into new life—itsself reverting to the conservatism against which it had rebelled. Seeing these two exhibitions now alongside each other, there is little reason for that wicket gate—unless to signalize that the old is better than the new. Impressionism, which gave the new Salon its birth, has run its course, and the canvases now collected are more academic than ever.

The "Society," as it should be called, has done homage to two painters by according to each an entire gallery. Of the late EUGÈNE CARRIÈRE there are a number of canvases, some unfinished, which give ample proof of this artist's high standing. Another gallery is devoted to GUSTAVE COLIN, very much alive indeed, whose recent work excites great interest.

Decorative painting is well represented. Foremost stands GASTON LA TOUCHE'S panel for the Elysée palace, showing a night festival at Versailles. This large painting is as idealistic, as refined in color and drawing, and even more delicate than we may see in his smaller easel pictures. Two panels by RENÉ MÉNARD, the "Orpheus" by AUBURTIN, and the Swiss subject, somewhat hard in painting, by CHARLES GIRON, must attract attention.

The figure painters are numerous and of great variety. Some are pure and classic, others seem independent of all laws of anatomy, even when the human figure is to be presented in nude simplicity. The absence of correct form is not always condoned by dexterous color. One of the best is HENRY MORISSET'S "Repose." This artist's reputation has heretofore rested principally on his interiors, elegantly and minutely executed. Here



GASTON LA TOUCHE

"LA FÊTE DE NUIT"

*In the Salon of the
Société Nationale des Beaux Arts
From a photograph*

he seems to have triumphed over former timidity and he charms us with a canvas of simple design and chastity.

GUSTAVE COURTOIS, best known for his meritorious portraits, of which there is here an excellent example, has also a composition "Dionysos," in which much beauty is displayed. HENRY LEROLLE has greatly changed his style; his canvas of a woman among flowers might be taken for a Childe Hassam. MME. MADELEINE LEMAIRE is well known for delicate miniature-like genres—here she has a fine nude, "Le Sommeil de Manon," which shows great dexterity in texture-painting of the silk coverlet.

Portrait work is not especially strong here. CAROLUS DURAN has painted an excellent likeness of Monsieur X—, which is far superior to his usual society women. One of the best portraits hangs in a corner of the balcony. It is SHANNON's Symphony in gray, and for sincerity of purpose and restraint of accessories it excels anything the artist has at the Royal Academy.

FÉLIX BORCHARDT's much heralded portrait of the German Emperor is a distinct disappointment. It may tone down by age, but at present it is very raw in color, and does not portray sufficient nervous energy.

GUIRAND DE SCEVOLA has two of the best portraits that show personality and have good construction of the features, while the Englishman, GLEHN, must not be passed by.

To speak of BOLDINI's dislocated female figures is to mention what is not worthy of mention, so we will pass these—with a shrug.

The *paysagistes* are comparatively better represented than at the front of the building. LHERMITTE's landscapes are as satisfactory as the figure work which has made him famous. DAMOYE is steadily working on in a conscientious vein. FERNAND DESMOULIN's views of Monaco are picturesque. The work of the Norwegian, ALFRED WAHLBERG, is impres-

sionistic. GEORGE HENRY BREITNER, the Dutch Brangwyn, has a fine view of the harbor of Amsterdam, very bold and free in its brushing. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU paints a good marine, as does the Belgian, ANTHONISSEN.

Great surprise was felt on seeing an exquisite marine by the Swedish painter, AUGUSTE HAGBORG, "Low Tide." If this artist would only leave his impossible, hard figures out of his compositions and confine himself to his métier, we might express more frequently satisfaction with his work. H. W. MESDAG has sent two of his best marines. Views of a country town are given by MOREAU NÉLATON in a bold way, full of the suggestion of actuality, and the Dutch etcher, STORM VAN 'S GRAVESANDE, has a half dozen paintings, among which is a capital still-life. The Spaniards, RICARDO CANALS and GARRIDO, are among the best contributors.

HENRI LE SIDANER is a man who is not at all known in America. His half-dozen examples here of Venice by night and twilight are wonderfully fascinating, and I promise myself the pleasure of enlarging more fully on this man's work in a future number.

Beside the American artists already mentioned, I should yet like to give deserved praise to JULIUS ROLSHOVEN for a portrait of Miss Winifred White, which has a certain agreeable breeziness in rendering, and is remarkable for the clever handling of difficult green color as well as for its graceful pose. GARI MELCHERS has five examples that uphold his fame. WALTER GAY has some interiors of painstaking and photographic distinctness, not devoid of merit; and ALEXANDER HARRISON has done his usual good work, of which I like best a canvas which he calls "Mer symphonique," and a fine evening effect, called "Solitude."

It will be noticed that some well known names have been omitted because their work, shown here, is not above their usual standard, and my principal object is to furnish new names of men that are worthy of the consideration of American collectors.

And now a thought presses itself to the fore. What artistic object is ever reached in painting certain subjects, such as abound in this exposition? Take, for instance, a picture representing two women, half stripped, fighting a duel with short knives, by a so-called artist, G. Biessy, or a woman taking a hip-bath, by Truchet. There is as much Art in selection of subject and composition as in painting. True artistic feeling, chastened by modern refinement, eschews some of the subjects taken by many of the painters of the older schools. There is a cattle picture in the Ryksmuseum, and many a composition by Jan Steen or by those of his ilk, that fall under this condemnation, although in these cases the marvelous technique often condones the offense. Rembrandt's famous "Butcher-shop" is one of the most wonderful paintings of still life.

And yet, *mirabile dictu*, the highest and only official honor of the Society, that of being made a *Sociétaire*, was bestowed on ALBERT GUILLAUME for just such a painting, called "L'Entr'acte." It is a colored illustration, showing how a corpulent gentleman, trying to pass a lady of embonpoint, gets himself into difficulties with the hat of the lady, sitting in the row ahead of the fauteuils d'orchestre. It is a social scene such as Jules Stewart used to paint. I was told that the painter, Alexander Harrison, had selected this picture for the Pennsylvania Academy. Why this artist, who ought to know better, should choose such a trivial, frivolous subject, to have it hung in a prominent gallery of his native country is beyond my ken. The picture has a funny story and is cleverly painted in a way, but it is not worthy of the double honor bestowed upon it. At the best it might grace the colored supplement of a Sunday newspaper.

Yet a few words on the Sculpture section, which has about three hundred numbers. The best of these are easily picked out.

The high relief by CHARLES EUGÈNE JOLY is an allegorical representation of the earth lifting itself to kiss the dawn, that has poetic conception and shows a sure grasp of sculpturesque lines. There is a statuette by a young Belgian sculptress, M^{lle}. YVONNE SERRUYS, of a listening woman, that bespeaks great talent. ANTONIN INJALBERT puts expression and vitality in his human faces. JULES MEISEL, the Austrian, is a sculptor of excellent parts, as shown by three examples. EMILE DERRÉ's portrait bust of M^{lle}. X—— has fine lines.

The American, GUTZON BORGLUM, exhibits two fragments of his "Horses of Diomedes," now in the Metropolitan Museum, and an excellent bronze "Nero," *cire perdue*, that is forceful. Two examples of the work of the late Associate, PAUL NOCQUET, were also shown.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS—1906.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-EIGHTH.

The character of this year's Royal Academy Exhibition is signalized by one picture, hanging on the line in the sixth gallery, which could not have passed any jury of the New York National Academy, had it been sent in year after year for a dog's age. It shows a Hop-Garden in Kent, by a painter named Gilchrist, whoever he may be. It is a daub without a redeeming feature.

The majority of the 800 canvases exhibited are as worthless from an artistic standpoint, with some few notable exceptions. The second, third and ninth galleries are worse than anything ever seen in New York. There are rows and rows of canvases that tell stories in bright colors, scores of meaningless 'presentation' portraits, numbers of landscapes with nature left out.

Why is all this? There seems to be a well-defined notion in the English exhibitor's mind that he must paint a picture that shall be an attraction to the public that pays its shillings to see the show, and to the buyer who doesn't know anything, but wants a picture that is bright in color and tells a story. These painters may possibly hold back in their studios pictures intended for true art lovers—these will not find much to their taste at this year's Royal Academy.

As this review is addressed to serious collectors, it is patent that the whole exhibition might be ignored, save for a few good works. And in writing about it at all, I will possibly refer to more men who need not be considered than to those who deserve credit. But the presence of these few—and I will endeavor not to omit one—must serve as an excuse for this article.

The sterility of mind of the majority of the present day English painters is shown by the rank imitations seen on every hand. Abbey has several imitators, as George E. Hendry, Ernest Board, and Frank Craig's "Heretic"; Meissonier is followed by James P. Beadle and by W. B. Wollen; George Hitchcock by Mrs. Mary F. Raphael and by Florence K. Upton. Mr. Titcomb imitates Botticelli, Christopher Williams imitates Rosetti, and George W. Lambert is in love with Manet's work. In Herbert J. Draper's "Day and the Dawn Star," one can easily recognize one of the late George F. Watts' famous pictures, while Mrs. Will Fagan has taken Ary Scheffer for her pattern. But let us pass all this and single out the meritorious work.

The picture of the Academy is JOHN S. SARGENT's portrait group of the four Baltimore professors. This group ranks with any of the famous